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Memorial

Marion Fay Leavitt Davidson

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SKETCH

MARION FAY, the first child of Burke F. and Lena M. (Day) Leavitt, was born in Portland, Maine (at 7 Cushman street), October 28, 1872. She was baptized May 11, 1873, the first child of the Williston Church, of which her father was then pastor. At the close of September, 1876, the family home was moved to Chicago (at 387 Mohawk street, and after, 409 Orchard street), where all her school life was passed, with the exception of a year in the Westford (Mass.) Academy, where she completed preparation for college. She entered Mt. Holyoke in 1890, and after remaining out a year in the middle of the college course, graduated in the class of 1895. At her graduation, by choice of the class, with the approval of the Faculty, she delivered one of the two class day orations.

In the autumn of 1895 she became a teacher in the High School at Hyannis, Mass., having the department of English. The year following

she was elected to a similar position in the city of Brockton, a position which she held until January, 1898, when she resigned to pursue special Bible study in preparation for the missionary work.

At the age of nine she united with the Lincoln Park Congregational Church in Chicago, July 9, 1882. She was active in the Mission Band of the church, and, when old enough, in its Young People's Society, as afterward she was active in the Y. P. S. C. E. in Westford and Littleton, and Hyannis and Brockton, and Melrose Highlands and Tulsa, I. T. In college she was one of the "Student Volunteers." In the spring of 1898 she offered herself to become a foreign missionary, applying to three Boards, to be put off from lack of funds with which to send out new applicants.

On June 30, 1898, she was married in the Melrose Highlands Congregational Church to the Rev. L. P. Davidson, and with him entered, August 1, upon home missionary work in Tulsa, Indian Territory. The climate and other conditions proved unfavorable to her health. An anæmic condition developed in the early months

of 1899, which called for hospital service. Her mother was summoned. She was taken to the Scarritt Hospital in Kansas City, where all was done that medical skill and best care could do. But she passed away March 16 at two in the afternoon. Her mother and husband, who had been with her, accompanied the remains to the family home in Melrose Highlands, Mass. The funeral services were held on Monday, March 20.

"Whilst Thee I seek, protecting power,"

a family hymn, was sung and prayer was offered at the house at 1.30, and public services were held in the Melrose Highlands Congregational Church at 2.30. The interment was made in the family lot in the Wyoming cemetery at Melrose.

SERVICES

Following is an account of the funeral in the church conducted by her uncle, the Rev. Horace H. Leavitt; and also the sermon preached in the home church the Sunday following the funeral.

The casket was borne into the church upon the shoulders of six officers of the church and of the Christian Endeavor Society, led by the officiating minister and the friend who had charge of the services, the organ softly giving forth the air, "All the way my Saviour leads me." A quartette of lady friends sang a hymn favorite with Marion from childhood:

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds."

The Scriptures read and the address were as follows:

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS

Psalms 27 : 13. I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

Psalms 62 : 5. My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from him.

Psalms 39 : 9. I was dumb, I opened not my mouth because thou didst it.

Psalms 37 : 23, 24. The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down: for the Lord upholdeth him with his hand.

Job 13 : 15. Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.

Isaiah 55 : 8, 9. For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways and my thoughts than your thoughts.

Matthew 10 : 29, 31. Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. Fear

ye not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows.

John 14 : 2, 3. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also.

Isaiah 53 : 7. For a small moment have I forsaken thee; yet with great mercies will I gather thee.

2 Corinthians 5 : 1-8. For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven; if so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked. For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life. Now he that hath wrought us for the self-same thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of his Spirit. Therefore we are always confident,

knowing that while we are at home in the body we are absent from the Lord; for we walk by faith, not by sight. We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord.

2 Timothy 1 : 12. For I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.

Hebrews 13 : 14. For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come.

John 17 : 24. Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me: for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world.

John 11 : 25. I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?

Revelations 3 : 4. Thou hast a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments; and they shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy.

Revelations 7 : 9, 10, 13-17. After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands; And cried with a loud voice: Salvation unto our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes and whence came they?

And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple, and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

John 14 : 18. I will not leave you comfortless : I will come to you ; Yet a little while and the world seeth me no more ; but ye see me ; because I live, ye shall live also.

27. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you ; not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

Matthew 5 : 4. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

Isaiah 61 : 1-4. The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me ; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek ; he hath sent me to bind up the broken hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound ; To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God ; to comfort all that mourn ; To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness ; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified.

Psalms 27 : 14. Wait on the Lord : be of

good courage and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.

Revelations 14 : 13. And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.

ADDRESS

Less than a year ago I stood here with the father of Marion, Mrs. Davidson, to unite her in marriage with the man who had offered her his love, and to whom she was ready to respond with her own. What have we to say to the events of this year which has passed since then?

We say we have had to make some great adjustments of ourselves to what has transpired. That has not taken place which we expected, and in the hope of which we met on that eventful day the last summer. If our plan of life for Marion had been carried out, it would not have brought us to this place to-day, for the purpose which calls us together. No, it has been very different from what we hoped, from what seemed to us the best life for us all. We hoped Marion was to have many years of life, of happiness, and of usefulness in the home and work of her husband. It is all different, so different from our expectations and our hopes. We have had to make adjustments, very great adjustments, to the life as it has actually come to us.

But we have to bear witness to-day, as we look on this loved face, that Marion was given to God before she was given to him who took her to that far-away missionary home. She was given to God before she was sent through all the long years of preparation for life, a life we hoped and expected would be so different. She was God's. Yes! we have to bear witness to-day that she was given to God, absolutely, at the very beginning of her earthly life. She belonged to Him from the first. We have further to give our witness that she gave herself to God before she gave herself to the missionary work, before she gave herself to him who became afterward her husband, before she took up those lines of study by which she prepared herself for life. And neither she nor we intended that the later gift should in anywise invalidate the earlier gift. Marion belonged to God. The first rights in her were His. Here in our sorrow to-day we say it, His was the first right in her, by her consecration and by ours. He hath done with her what seemed to Him good. It is all right. His ways have not been what ours would have been, and we have had some great adjustments to make.

But we should say to-day it is our line of adjustment to shape our way to meet God's, and not for a moment to wish to shape His way to meet ours.

We have a further witness to give. As we look upon this still form we say, God's plan was better than ours. We don't understand it all, but God's word comes to us with a new meaning and we cheerfully receive it: "My ways are not your ways; as the heaven is high above the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways and my thoughts than your thoughts." We are prepared to-day to say we believe it, we accept it. It is so different from what we planned, but it is better; we believe it is unspeakably better. What we do not see we are ready to take on God's assurance. Higher! higher! than our thoughts.

We have to bear witness also that in this frail body which has brought so much pain and suffering to our dear one, and in which it has been ours to know her and love her; in this body we are assured, there are to be made manifest the better ways of God for her. How weak it has been! how great its limitations!

how emphatic its mortality! But this mortality we believe is to be swallowed up of life. The dishonor to which this mortal must be subjected is to give way to a glory which is to come through this. It is now but a natural body, but we bear witness to the fact that we expect it to be wondrously transformed into a spiritual body, whose reaches are far beyond those of this frail tenement of the soul. Yes! God's ways are better; they are higher than our ways.

We bear witness also that as we adjust ourselves to this better way of God, some things are clearer to us than they were, and we realize that Marion is ushered into a future which far transcends this in which our plan would have held her. There are beautiful works of God to see and study in this world, and Marion was deeply interested in this study; but we are reminded that the Saviour of men reserved it for the life which was to come after this to show those who put their trust in Him, the great things he had to display. "My Glory." "The glory I had with thee before the world was." That was reserved to just this life into which

our dear one is now ushered. Here she felt often like singing as in the hymn:

"Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine;
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine."

We believe Marion can now put her finger to one of those strings and call out the harmony she could not here. She sees Him as He is. The life upon which she has entered is a higher life than this.

We know more than before by this experience, that it is God's plan in this world that we struggle in the conflict between the natural, or sight life, and the spiritual, or faith life. If we were simply to walk the life of sight, this would be an oppressively sad hour. We must lay away our dear one out of our sight. But the faith life is uppermost. He, the Saviour to whom she committed herself long years ago, has come to receive her unto Himself, that where He is there she may be also. And our faith says it is better. But we recognize that this

struggle is not over; the natural, the longing for sight will come in over and over like great ocean billows, to overwhelm. That wonderful grace which is assured, "I will never leave you nor forsake you," we trust in, that we walk not by sight, but by faith. This faith life is our hope.

The quartette sang, "In heavenly love abiding."

In the prayer which followed the presence of the listening God was very real.

Again the quartette sang, "Jerusalem the golden."

After the benediction, while the large company were passing the casket, the organ again gave forth the air by request, "Awake, my soul, in joyful lays."

At the grave a single stanza of another family hymn was sung:

"O sacred hope, O blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given;
The hope when days and years are passed,
We all shall meet in heaven."

This was followed by the benediction, "May He who brought again from the dead our Lord

Jesus, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make us perfect to do His will, working in us that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ. Amen."

MESSAGE OF A YOUNG LIFE

SERMON PREACHED SABBATH FORENOON, MARCH 26, 1899, MELROSE HIGHLANDS CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Luke 10:35. Who also sat at Jesus' feet and heard his word.

Philippians 1:21. To live is Christ and to die is gain.

These words written by Luke concerning Mary of Bethany are meant to bring before us a characteristic of her life; a habit which had a molding effect upon her life; that she was wont to seek Jesus' presence and to listen to what He should say; to sit at His feet and hear His word; to hear, to think upon it, to be helped, to be guided, to be governed, by His word.

The same thing might be said of a life very different from hers; different in temperament, in development, and in most of its outer aspect. And yet what was said of Mary of Bethany might be a characteristic, a key, an important principle of another life. It is of interest to

open a life or to review it in the light of some summary or principle like this. That one has been wont to sit at Jesus' feet and to hear His word.

Or the summary of his own life, given in these other words by the Apostle Paul, "to live in Christ" may be applied to another and very different life from his; may be true in measure of a life differently circumstanced; may afford a key, may help to open a life which we have known.

Both these statements, the one concerning Mary of Bethany and the one concerning the Apostle Paul, have come to mind in these recent days, as getting a helpful emphasis from the life of the young home missionary whose funeral was held in this place on last Monday.

There is a privacy, a personal element in sorrow, from which there is a natural shrinking, a refusal to intrude; which in turn cannot obtrude; cannot bring out its own sacred privacy. Yet there is a fellowship in sorrow more or less wide and deep, to which one may speak, though his own heart and his own home circle are the immediate center of that sorrow. And the deep

and extended sympathy which the past week has been borne into the parsonage and which has been most gratefully received in scores and even hundreds of letters and telegrams and in manifold other expressions, has seemed to make fitting and even to demand some utterance this hour concerning the event which has taken away a bride of last June. No adequate or wholly just utterance may be expected, as the event is too recent. Yet a helpful message may be borne from this life; may be borne as widely as this life has been known and has touched other lives. Not that there are not other messages and even many. Yet there is one which may be emphasized today — a message respecting life and reward. This career now closed on earth has a message to young people concerning life — true life; a message also to those who are older; a message to parents of reward, true reward.

If there is one thought in which those are agreed who have known most intimately Marion Leavitt Davidson, it is that the ideal of her life, her purpose, is expressed in this quotation from the Apostle Paul, "to live is Christ;" that to

know what Christ would have of her and to do and to be what He would have her was the uppermost purpose of her life; that as she could conceive or find out Christ's will for her, she conscientiously sought to realize it in her living. Not that this was her natural inclination. On the other hand, her natural inclination was against submission. She had a strong personality; an imperious will from earliest babyhood. She had more to contend with in herself than any child of my knowledge; and submission to Christ, to make His will regnant, was a matter of principle rather than inclination. But at an early age she bowed her will to Christ, and though it was ever after a battle, at a thousand points, at newly recurring points, a battle between self and Christian conviction, between her will and Christ's will, ever did she seek to make His will supreme and decisive. And the fact that with so much to contend with in herself she succeeded so well as she did in developing a truly Christian character, may make her career an encouragement to others. The personal testimonies which have come in multiplied letters have shown an impression made by her life upon

others which attests an attainment in Christian character which she was far from believing. One of her teachers writes, "It is beyond the reach of my words to say how dearly I loved her, how inspiring she was as a pupil and as a girl. It seems as if we needed her in this world, but perhaps they need her in another."

Says one of her student friends, "She lived so fully while she did live that hers was certainly a most complete life. . . . I call it an inspiration to ever have known Marion." A college classmate tells of her indebtedness when discouraged and depressed; that from Marion she could ever receive uplift and encouragement. And another, an alumna of Mt. Holyoke, with whom she made her home for fifteen months in Brockton, writes, "Her whole life among us was an honor to her home and to her Saviour. . . . She always seemed better fitted for heaven than for earth."

It was an incalculable help to her, with her strong nature, that at an early age she made decision for Christ as her Saviour and Master. She was nine years old, within three and one-half months of her tenth birthday, when she

united with the church. For some time previous her mother had been speaking of her desire to join the church, but her father was not entirely satisfied that she had really received Christ to her heart, had submitted her will to His, until one day at table her mother asked her to do something which she did not want to do, which was distasteful, against which she seemed to set her whole self. Instead of commanding and enforcing obedience as had been her father's wont, after a little he quietly said, "Marion, can't you do it for Jesus' sake?" She thought a moment, her lip quivered, the tears filled her eyes, she threw her arms around her mother's neck and asked forgiveness, and went to perform the service asked. And from that moment there was no doubt in her father's mind that Christ's will was first with her. And afterward, when otherwise she might shrink from parental obedience or from any duty, reflection that it was Christ's will would bring her into line. So as a matter of principle, of ruling active purpose, for her to live was Christ.

A letter received two days ago from Portland, Maine, spoke of her as "the child of the

Williston Church." The remark recalled the fact that she was the first baptized child of that church, and brought to mind the place and interest there accorded her in the days of her babyhood. It called to mind also her fidelity in the years of her girlhood and later, her devotion to the movement which was born in the Williston Church, and which has carried its name around the globe. Whole-hearted and persistent were her loyalty and faithfulness in that organization, whose motto is "For Christ and the Church." Her heart was in it. No little of her thought and effort were given in the best lines of Christian Endeavor.

Before coming to Melrose she was interested in the missionary opportunity of Christian Endeavor; and from the time she was old enough she had been a faithful member of the Lincoln Park Church Mission Band in Chicago, and in her turn, in its days of large success, its president. In the country town where was her home before coming here she was one of a company of Christian Endeavorers who on a Sunday afternoon went from the Center to outlying districts to hold meetings in schoolhouses for those who

did not come to church; as also in her college town she was one to go into outer districts to hold Sabbath afternoon services. There are those who will recall her interest here in services among the Italians when building roads opening up the tract to the northeast of this building, and another season when they were putting in the sewers. As her interest to have open-air meetings in the district east of Main street was persistent, so her visits to the sick and the shut-in, and to help in the ministry of song, were all items illustrating the outworking in her life of the Christ purpose, the Christian ideal. This practical missionary spirit was persistent in her. The last letter she finished and sent to the home circle from the Indian Territory gave an account of a drive taken because her health required it, but which she utilized in gathering up papers and magazines and such literature as she could find about her new home, suitable for distribution, and took to a tent settlement some four miles away which included a neglected population of hundreds. Also, a letter of some two weeks earlier, after speaking of difficulties and privations experienced in such a field, added:

"But it is the most wonderful work and grandest work under the sun. Only how incapable we are after all." So the missionary, the Christ purpose, was not superficial, for the sake of an outward impression. It was deep. It was vital. The result aimed at was vital, viz.: to lodge in some heart the principle of the new life and to help hearts to personal faith in Christ. This was the animus, the aim of her Sunday-school teaching. How well do her former class know it, that her chiefest and persistent desire for them was that they should be Christians, should open their hearts to Christ and live the Christian life — not after a merely passable standard, but the life Christ would have them live; the life which would honor Him, which would influence others for Him.

The same purpose obtained in her school teaching: a desire to be faithful not only in all the sphere the School Superintendent and the Committee might approve, but in her influence upon the character, the immortal soul of the pupil she could persuade. And letters received from pupils and others whom her life touched in her teaching days are a grateful trib-

ute to her Christian character and service. To her to live was Christ in the great underlying and controlling purpose of her life. And is not living with such a purpose true life? Is one who lives with any other purpose really living at all? Was not hers the life that shall last?

The principle, the purpose did not make her narrow. By certain world standards her life might have been regarded as unnecessarily narrow: in her careful, strict principle and practice and ideas, as regards the recreations and pleasures which are called worldly and as regards the Sabbath. But if strict, if narrow in the line she believed her Master taught, it meant to be broader and deeper in the true life, the life which lasts. And those who knew the working of her mind, her appetite, her thirst for knowledge, will bear witness that it was in no narrow range. In literature and art, in history and in current events, in language, in the realm of nature, hers was an eager mind. And the ruling purpose we have instanced, her desire to honor Christ in her life, was a stimulus to make the most of herself in the whole field of knowledge, that she might be the utmost for Him and for His service.

She would honor Him and she relied on Him in turn to support her in her purpose. I hold in my hand the most priceless material legacy she has left. And in my own daily reading from it the other morning I found this verse marked: "Be still and know that I am God." "June 21, 1895, Mt. H. C." It was the supreme day of her life thus far, when by vote of her class and approval of the Faculty she was to deliver one of the two orations of Class day. The laborious preparation had worn and had quite unnerved her; but her poise in the delivery, the attention she received and the commendation given showed that her reliance upon God had not disappointed her.

Hers was an eager mind. But above all her other craving was that for a knowledge of the Book of Books, and in this fact comes out her purpose to make Christ her life. She "sat at His feet and heard His word." The extent to which she did this was all unknown to me until the past week this Bible came into my hands. The dedication on the fly-leaf shows that it was given her in August, 1894, yet the writing and the marks in it indicate a study and a mastery

which I should not have expected before she had attained to middle or late life. Still there was no premature ripening in her development. There was no abnormal attainment. She had no dreamy, sentimental ideal of life. Rather was she intensely practical and healthful in most of her views of life, and was calculated to live and develop and be useful to a ripe age.

And in this her life makes a suggestion to others which is practical. Her sphere was that of a student, a teacher, a home maker. And the suggestion is that others in their sphere shall recognize and accept the true principle of life. To the utmost make Christ your life, His will your decision, His word your law, and sit at His feet and hear His word.

Was not her principle of life the true one? To take into her life from the first, little as possible which she would have to leave out later; to live from the first the life calculated and fitted to live and to develop forever.

This young life has a message for young people. With one accord, all who have spoken have regarded its removal at this time, on the threshold of a promising career, as untimely.

And yet if in their lot and place others whose life she has touched shall receive, as they may, in some fuller measure of this Christ spirit and purpose which were hers; if those for whom her heart went out, who have never received Christ at all, shall now receive Him as they may, shall her removal prove untimely? May not this grain of wheat falling into the ground and dying bring forth much fruit in those who in a wide range have known her? In those whom her life has touched in Chicago . . . . and in Melrose, and especially in many whose names have been upon her lips in prayer? May there not be enlarged Christian devotion in the young people here, for whom and with whom her best life has sometime been given? May not her life, so early taken from earth, yet bear glorious fruit in others?

Her life has a message for those who are older, a message for parents, a message of reward. It was at the hour that her spirit was passing from the earth, as it afterward proved, that a colloquy was going on in the mind of her father, somewhat thus: "If these twenty-six years have been given in effort and sacrifice to give that

daughter the best possible preparation for life, for Christian living and Christian service, and she is to be taken now, on the threshold of the work for which she has been preparing, what's the use?" And then came the conclusion, "She cannot be taken now." But within a few hours came another thought: "We gave her to Christ. We trained her for Christ. First of all and above all, she was His, to be where He wants her; to be in whatever service He has for her; and if He would give us another chance we would most gladly do it again — for Him; for the Saviour who has now received her to His own glory." Gladly would we again give her as a bride in His far-away service as on that beautiful June day, should He let us know that in a few months He wanted her for the bridal hour in His glory. And as for her being taken from life when just ready for it, there came this thought: "What is life? Where is life for the true Christian believer? How in its vaster part does it lie beyond the primary school of earth? By what is life bounded for one whose faith is where hers was?" Ah! How little have her parents realized in their best moments, hitherto,

the glorious life for which she had been preparing, in preparing her for which the effort and the sacrifice of the years have been expended. And is not the reward glorious for the utmost love and expenditure of the years — that a child could be prepared for a life in the glory which is divine — that she could be consecrated and trained for such a Saviour as is ours?

The reward for the utmost parental devotion appears in any worthy review of the years. It was when she was a little more than three years old that, on a week afternoon, she accompanied her father into the vestry of the Lincoln Park Church in Chicago. While her father was talking with an officer of the church a voice was heard, and, looking toward the pulpit, they saw the little girl standing in a chair, with her head just above the pulpit Bible, which she had opened and from which she was preaching. Seeing which, the sagacious layman said to her father, "That child is going to be a help to you some day." And though it has never been laid upon her to help in this line, has never been exacted or even requested, it is a privilege to testify that the filial instinct has developed a helpful-

ness during the years which is most gratefully remembered. In the Sunday school, in the prayer meeting, in the Christian Endeavor, in neighborhood meetings, in the choir and in missionary work, at the piano or chapel organ, an active, helpful interest has she taken in nearly every line of practical Christian work.

At birth she was given to God and often and ever has she since been given and kept upon the altar. And is there not reward in the assurance that she has now entered upon a blessed immortality?

Ah, parents! Words cannot express the comfort in such an hour as has come to the parsonage. The comfort which is in the thought that the life which has now gone from that circle has from the first been given to God; that no theory of a gay worldly period of youth and a more serious, thoughtful, religious turn later ever had a place in her training and her ideas of life.

So that there were no need of anxious watching for some last, some death-bed assurance that all is well. A star which has been shining brilliantly in our heavens disappears

below the horizon, or a cloud hides it from our sight. Yet we do not think of it as gone out; as anything else than shining and still to shine.

So with a life animated all the years with the Christ purpose. Disappearing from our sight, it still shines with the Christ purpose and shall shine as the stars, forever and ever.

True, a sentence passed her lips the day before she passed from earth in that western hospital — a sentence which might be regarded as very expressive. She had wakened from quite a nap, when she said to the physician at her bedside, "Why, doctor, I thought I was in heaven." And turning to her mother the other side of the bed, she repeated, "Why, I thought I was in heaven." Yet if there were no message at such a time, a life given and spent for Christ cannot but be with Him. And what a reward for Christian parental fidelity is in the sense of safety for a child which is given by that assurance that she is with Christ — forever safe; secure from temptation and sin and ill and exposure of every sort; eternally secure!

Most grateful have been the tributes which

have been paid and the multiplied expressions of sympathy which have come in the past week.

It may have seemed unfeeling in the face of such expressions to have closed the door by public notice against floral tributes for the casket. But two motives prompted that action: First, her own dislike for display at such a time; and second, the conviction that, with the needs of the great missionary work at this time, she would prefer that the money, which would otherwise be spent for flowers, should be given to the missionary cause. It may be remembered that for years she has been one of the student volunteers, that she was promised to the missionary work; that a year ago she sought to go as a foreign missionary and offered herself to three Boards, but was refused on the ground that there was no money with which to send her. And if the offering which affection and regard would lay upon her grave could be contributed so as to help others into missionary service, certainly it would please and honor her memory.

So a message for this hour to the wide circle, whose sorrow and sympathy have been so

sincere, concerns life and reward; true life and true reward. To the young people, from whose love and regard she has been taken, her call is to life, to true life. To a life given to Christ, which shall sit at His feet, to hear His word, to do His will, to be spent in His service.

The call gets emphasis as we think of the outcome of her life here; as we think of the prophecy in the concluding verse of one of our chapel hymns which she loved to sing. It is a prophecy now fulfilled in her. The stanza runs thus:

"In mansions of glory and endless delight
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright;
I'll sing, with a glittering crown on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now."

Young people, your every life may have the aim, the purpose, the use which shall receive the glittering crown.

And is it not glorious reward, Christian parents and all, surpassingly glorious, if all the toil and devotion and sacrifice of the years shall be owned and blessed of God in bringing a child to that glory?